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Poetry.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

SPECIMEN OF MENTAL PROFILES.

BY BARON VON KIPPER.

HERE hangs squire GRATER—mark his
sober face,
Long as a statesman's just turn'd out of
place.
Wise as an owl's with near as many brains
As may suffice "to walk in when it rains"—
He's been to college—(this I let you know
For fear you would not else suspect 'twas
so.)
And that's not half—he's been in Caucus
ground,
Where politician's meet to rule the land—
Wherein, *non con*, these wise wights de-
cree
How men and measures afterwards shall be—
And teach our freemen how to give their
vote,
As children learn their A B C by wrote.

Now for his knowledge—First of law, he
knows
That every one should pay the debts he
owes;
Of metaphysics, that what is exists—
He knows that *man* much in sounds con-
sists—
Of mathematics, three times three are nine—
Of geology, that calves may come of kine—
Of ornithology, that birds lay eggs—
Of ichthyology, fish have no legs—
Of grammar, logic, rhetoric and such—
And of astronomy, can't tell how much—
And of geography, he knows the earth
Has been uneven ever since his birth—
Of history—hold—twere tedious to relate
Of half the knowledge center'd in his pate.
Of all the virtues of this wondrous man
His generosity alone I'll scan;
This generous squire, twice twenty men
will treat
With grog to drink and gingerbread to eat;
And ask no favor in return, at all,
Except their votes to hoist him—and that's all.

Biography.

GEN. TRACY.

Notwithstanding the superlative malice with
which the hirings of the democratic party
assailed the reputation of this justly distin-
guished statesman and patriot; the *National
Intelligencer*, a paper first in support of
Jeffersonian politics, pays the following trib-
ute to his memory. We also add an in-
teresting notice of the deceased, from the *Balti-
more Federal Gazette*.

Departed this life on the 19th inst. in the
54th year of his age, URIAH TRACY, a
Senator of the United States, from the state
of Connecticut; and on the following day
he was interred with the honors due to his
station and character, as a statesman, and
to his rank as a major general; his pall be-
ing supported by the heads of departments
and officers of government.

For many years he experienced frequent
and severe sickness, and his last illness com-
menced on the 4th of March last, while at-
tending the funeral of Mr. Baldwin, his former
fellow student, and late colleague in the
Senate.

In his youth he received a liberal educa-
tion, and the early part of his active life was
devoted to the practice of the law. He was
ever an able, popular, and pleasing advo-
cate, and rose to eminence, by the strength
of his talents and steady devotion to busi-
ness.

His last fourteen years were devoted to
the service of his country, in her national
councils where he was long a distinguished
member, admired by his political friends,
and respected by his opponents.

In wit and humor he was unrivalled—in
delivery graceful and perspicuous—and in
argument acute and lucid.

His speeches were sometimes perhaps
fractured with severity; but the ardor of
debate, the rapidity of his ideas, and the
impetuosity of his eloquence constituted an
apology. He was firmly attached to the
principles of the late administration, which
he ever maintained. For some years past,
of consequence he has been in opposition;
yet he possessed a due share of influence
in the body to which he belonged. His
death will be deeply deplored by his friends,
and from the useful talents he possessed,
may justly be considered a national loss.

URIAH TRACY was born in
the state of Connecticut, of reputable
parents, and resided in a little village
called Litchfield. It is understood
that he received a liberal education,
and having studied the law, he ap-
peared at the bar to great advantage
as a practitioner, and afterwards as
attorney general of the state—From
this office and a lucrative practice,
he was transferred by the people to a
seat in the house of representatives of
congress, which he continued to oc-
cupy until several years since, he was
appointed by the legislature of his
state a senator of the United States.
In the house of representatives, he

soon became distinguished, and his
great reasoning powers conspicuous
on every important question. On re-
ferring to his speeches, they will be
found remarkable for their solidity
and point. But, whether we follow
him from the college to the bar, or
from the House of Representatives
to the senate, we shall find room for
admiring his abilities, and perceive
his abilities always encreasing with
the extent of the theatre on which
he had to act.

As a companion he was instructive
and agreeable. His observations in
company, on passing events, and the
political system of the day, were al-
ways profound, and generally season-
ed with lively anecdotes. His
thoughts on all occasions seemed to
come from him without premeditation,
and under a form that alarmed
no one's pride or self-sufficiency.—
humor, too, was easy and natural;
like the lightning of a summer's even-
ing, which flashes without thunder,
it would shew the object without
wounding the person.

His eye and his countenance gave
strong indications of his character;
both invited to his society, and at
once, told what was to be expected
from it—penetration, good nature,
good sense, pleasantry, candor and
kindness.

In the hours of his best health and
highest spirits, nothing ever escaped
from him to offend morals, the deco-
rums of society, or the interests of re-
ligion. On the contrary, with weap-
ons of every kind to annoy, he never
wantonly attacked any one. His tem-
per, always uniform, & his pleasantry
always well-timed, had the effect to
make even his bitterest political ad-
versaries abate much of their bitter-
ness in his company.

For the last six years of his life, he
had never enjoyed one moment's
health, and scarcely in that time one
whole hour's relief from suffering;
and yet, notwithstanding this state
of bodily infirmity, he seldom failed
to meet his duty in congress, when
able, and was never heard to detail
in any company the symptoms of his
malady (a dropsy in the breast.)

Writing to a friend, (January 1807)
he says, "I lament your indisposition
perhaps more from a knowledge I
have of the solid evils which attend
sickness, even in its most favourable
operations.—I know what it is to be
severely sick, to such a degree as not
to expect life; not to expect any
thing; and I know what it is to linger
under a feverish debility of body
and mind, which renders life as such
a burden. During the space of six
years I have not enjoyed for one hour,
nor for one moment, a state of health,
and have scarcely been relieved in the
whole time from suffering; yet,
blessed be God, I have been able to
save myself for the most part from
an additional evil, which is a peevish,
fretful and fretting disposition, that
is I have not known that I suffered
in company under the dominion of
peevishness."

"Since it has been proper in the
wife course of Providence, to deprive
me of very high health, which for
many years I enjoyed, I have endeav-
ored to learn submission, and finding
my friends solicitous to preserve my
life, and restore my health, I have
studied not to give them unnecessary
trouble. When I could carry to
them a mind if not active and cheer-
ful, yet, which was not depressed and

hypochondrical, I went among them,
and received from them much kind-
ness and many favors, but when that
debility, which is so often my better
portion, is upon me like an evil spir-
it, bowing me to the earth, I cannot
knowingly load my friends with a
weight of trouble, when, at the same
time, I obtained no benefit for my-
self."

Education in the christian religion,
he sincerely believed in it, not be-
cause such men as Bacon, Locke and
Newton were among its professors,
but because, as he has often been
heard to say, the evidence upon which
it rests, afforded him a full, convic-
tion of its truth and divine original.
Those who were most conversant
with his sentiments, know that the
objections of infidelity, never for a
moment shook his faith or his trust
in a Redeemer.

In a letter of his to a friend, writ-
ten on his death bed, the last he ever
wrote with his own hand, he thus
expresses himself:

"I can discern one fact in myself,
which is, that my sickness has brok-
en down my strength of mind, and
dissipated or dried up every source
of courage and spirits which I for-
merly possessed. I retain a most ar-
dent wish, once more to see my fam-
ily; of this some doubt remains, but
hope still buoy me up above despair.

"Infinite power is the same here,
and infinite goodness the same, that
they are any where, and every where
else; why then should I prefer loca-
tion in which to draw my last breath?
Place is nothing, time is nothing, and
circumstances nothing; eternity is
all to man. This eternity is the
property of God himself, and his
goodness infinite, unbounded as it is,
should fix the steady eye of faith, and
regulate that of reason, and certain-
ly silence every complaint."

This sketch of the character of the
deceased, though composed in haste,
is transcribed in truth. It is a slender
tribute, a frail memorial, a fleet-
ing memento, wet with tears, to the
memory of a man, who directed his
abilities, to his latest breath, to one
end, the welfare, greatness and glory
of his country.

Such was Uriah Tracy, who has
left behind him, among statesmen,
few equals and no superior; who,
after a life of the strictest economy,
and the greatest portion of it spent in
the public service, died remote from
his family, scarcely rich enough to
pay his funeral expenses.

BRITISH SHIPS OF WAR

Upon the American coast, exclusive of New-
foundland and the West-Indies.

Leopard	50	V. Ad. Hon. G. C. Ber- ley, captain Humph- ries.
Bellona	74	Commodore Douglas
Triumph	74	Captain Hardy
Chichester	44	Stopford
Cambrian	38	Beresford
Milan	38	Lawrie
Melampus	36	Hawker
Cleopatra	32	Simpson
Mermada	32	Holles
Indian	24	Austen
Squirrel	24	Shortland
Hereux	22	Morrison
Bermuda	18	Byam
Buffy	18	Reilly
Halifax	18	Lord Townshend
Observer	18	Crofton
Driver	16	Love
Ballahoo	4	Lieut. Murray

Our government have complied with the
demand of the British Minister for the release
of the two officers and 4 seamen lately de-
tained.

The National Intelligencer of the 27th ult.
contains the following paragraph:
"If the persons who deserted from the British
service, entered our service immediately,
and their act of desertion was known and
countenanced by us, the British might un-
questionably have reason to complain."

Spiscellany.

From the Baltimore Federal Gazette.

BALTIMORE, JULY 23.

Messrs. Zebulon Hollingsworth, John Gilpin
James Sewall, Thomas W. Weazey.

GENTLEMEN,

I find from the public papers, that on the
fourth of July, you respectively officiated
in the respective characters of president,
vice-president and secretaries, at a meeting
of the citizens of Cecil county, held at Elk-
ton, to celebrate the anniversary of Ameri-
can independence; and it is as persons who
officiated in those characters, and it is in
consequence of your conduct on this occa-
sion, that I now take the liberty of address-
ing you.

On the fourth of July, 1776, we declared
ourselves independent states, free from the
tyranny and despotism of any nation on the
earth, and proceeded to establish govern-
ments for the sacred security of the prop-
erty, of the reputation, the liberty and the life
of every person, who should be so far blest
as to be citizens of those governments. We
then pledged ourselves to the God of the
universe, that the property, the reputation,
the liberty and the life of every citizen
should be safe, should be protected against
the tyranny of the one or the many—and
should only be taken from them by the laws
of their country, faithfully, honestly and im-
partially dispensed, by an open, fair, impar-
tial trial, decided upon legal evidence, in which
every benefit to be had from counsel, is se-
cured by the constitution to the citizen,
who is as to either assailed.

Let me now ask you, gentlemen, to what
use, or more properly, abuse, did you turn
the anniversary of that day? Was your con-
duct calculated to preserve and secure those
blessings for the enjoyment of which the
people of America heretofore hazarded all
that was dear? Or was it calculated to ren-
der them more insecure than even under
Asiatic despotism?

Let me examine this question. I have
seen your list of toasts drank on that day as
published by yourselves.

On your volunteers I shall make no re-
marks—after seventeen bumpers had been
drank, I can make great allowances for any
thing that took place; but for the toasts
deliberately prepared, and agreed to be
drank on that day—myself, my fellow citi-
zens, and the world at large, do and will
hold you answerable. Three of those toasts
will be the subject of my animadversions.

The 7th is in the following words—The
grand jurors lately impanelled at Rich-
mond to indict the traitors of their country.
May their zeal and patriotism in the cause
of liberty, secure them a crown of immor-
tal glory, and the fruits of their labour be a
death wound to all conspirators.

The 8th—Luther Martin, the ex-attorney
general of Maryland, the mutual and highly
respected friend of a convicted traitor—
May his exertions to preserve the Cataline
of America, procure him a humble coat of
tar and a plume of feathers, that will
rival in finery all the mummeries of Egypt.
The 9th—Aaron Burr, the man who once
received the confidence of a free people—
May his treachery to his country exalt him
to the scaffold, and hemp be his escort to
the republic of dust and ashes.

To any person of common sense, who
possesses one sentiment of candour, one
humane feeling of the heart, it would be
supposed, that none but demons from Hell
could on such an occasion, have deliberately
prepared and drank the foregoing toasts, un-
less they had the most perfect knowledge of
col. Burr's guilt. And even in that case he
would naturally conclude the persons to be
savages or descendants of savages, who when
they kill their prisoner, feast their inhuman
souls with every cruelty of torture.

But, gentlemen, have you any knowledge
that col. Burr is guilty of treason or of any
other offence? Doth either of you know of
one single fact to prove upon him guilt of
any kind? Why have you not come forward
and informed your government? And why
had I not the pleasure of seeing you as wit-
nesses at Richmond?

I know your answer. You must confess
that you have no personal knowledge of any
thing criminal, that has been committed by
colonel Burr; but that in the Aurora, the
Argus, and many other democratic papers,
you have seen him charged with not only
misdemeanors, but treason—Nay, you will
probably say, that the president of the U-
nited States in his message to congress, de-
clared his guilt to be placed beyond doubt.

And after the length of time you have
lived, a length of time which has whitened
some of your heads—after the different pub-
lic appointments which some of you have
executed, am I now to put you in mind,
that not one shilling's worth of your dirty
property can be taken from you, without
your having an opportunity of being person-
ally heard, nor without legal evidence deliv-
ered on oath in your presence, with liberty on
your part to cross examine, and by other evi-
dence to contradict. And yet you have to the
utmost of your power, wantonly and wick-
edly assailed the good name, fame, and re-
putation of col. Burr, upon no evidence! You
have done what is still more wicked—you
have, without any evidence, assailed his life.
For, are you now, for the first time, to
be instructed; that whenever a person is to
be tried for a charge, which is punishable
with death, he who endeavours to prejudice
and influence the public mind against him;
he who does any act of tendency to pre-
vent the accused from having a fair dispo-
sition, impartial trial, is in the eye of God,
guilty of as murderous an intention
as if he attempted to plunge a dag-

ger to his heart! Equally murderous, but
infinitely more cowardly—as the danger of
punishment in the first case is meant to be
avoided! What think you, gentlemen, of
the cowardly wretch, who anxious for the
blood of an enemy, but fearful of danger
or of punishment, slips a stiletto into the
hand of an assassin, and points to the vic-
tim! What think you of yourselves and
the rest of those who drank your savage
toasts? Would you not have swallowed the
beverage in your glasses, had it been the
blood of colonel Burr, with more pleasure
than the juice of the grape? Would not
those who could express such savage delight
in the hope of his death, could they do it with
impunity, rip open his breast, tear out his
heart, gnaw it with their teeth and suck
down its blood, as acted the blood thirsty
Parisians towards the amiable the accom-
plished, the beautiful Lamballe! And
know you that the gentleman, whose death
would be such a feast to your souls, has a
daughter as amiable, as accomplished, as
lovely, as was Lamballe! And to her you
have been drinking a life of unutterable
misery! You may possibly think this lan-
guage severe, but in a case like this no
language can be severe.

I would wish to harrow up every feeling
of your souls, if indeed such souls can have
any feeling!

You have toasted the grand jury, when
you knew not whether they did right or
wrong; when you knew not whether the
persons indicted are traitors or innocent citi-
zens; whether the grand jury were actu-
ated by zeal and patriotism in the cause of
liberty, or by zeal and sycophancy in the
cause of persecution; whether their con-
duct deserves a crown of immortal glory or
a noose of immortal infamy; for you have
no knowledge that can enable you to decide
upon the propriety or impropriety of their
conduct. The toast, therefore only stands
staring you in the face, to your eternal dis-
honour, as a proof of your ferocity against
colonel Burr. Nor, gentlemen, will the
grand jury thank you for toasts. They were
gentlemen of honour of worth, of humanity;
they were not actuated by the hellish wish,
that the persons concerning whose conduct
they were to inquire, should prove to be guilty;
nor did they, in returning the bills
true, feel an infernal pleasure. No, sirs not
a man of that grand jury assented to the
finding of the bills, whose heart did not
feel a pang; nor is there one of them whose
heart will not enjoy exquisite pleasure
should their innocence, on a fair, impartial
trial before a petit jury (if, indeed,
such a trial can be had, and which you have
murderously endeavoured to prevent) be
made manifest. Not a friend of the gen-
tlemen indicted blames the grand jury. But
are you to be informed, that the grand jury
can only act upon evidence selected and sent
to them for the very purpose of proving guilt;
examined ex parte; and that perjury can
there appear unappalled? And are you to
be informed that the Benign Spirit of our
laws, even after indictment, presumes inno-
cence? Those laws, that are said to be our
government, which you are bound to sup-
port; and yet you, good, virtuous republicans,
who boast of your love of liberty, our sacred
regard for the laws, and who call yourselves
the protectors, the guardians of the rights of
every man, have thought proper, not only to
presume guilt, but have presumed to hold up
to the indignation of your country, him whom
the laws of your country presume to be in-
nocent!

And now let me inquire who is the gen-
tlemen whose guilt you have pronounced,
and for whose blood your parched throats so
thirst? Was he not a few years past adored
by you next to your God, I mean your earth-
ly God; for whether you believe in a deity
who has any government over your "repub-
lic of dust and ashes," I know not. Were
you not then his warmest admirers? Did
he not then possess every virtue? Had he
then one sin—even a single weakness of hu-
man nature? He was then in power.—He
had then influence.—You would then have
been proud of his notice.—One smile from
him would have brightened up all your
faces.—One frown has lengthened all your
visages.

But he is now a private citizen; he is
now no longer in power; he is now perse-
cuted!—And behold; he is now a Cata-
line; he is now a traitor; your prayers are
now, that he may be exalted to the scaffold;
that hemp may be his escort to the "repub-
lic of dust and ashes," and to those invo-
cations you have prostituted the anniversary
of a day, which only ought to be held dear
as long as the government, consequently
established, shall sacredly protect property,
reputation, liberty and life.

Go, ye holiday, ye sunshine friends—ye
time servers—ye cryers of Hosanna today,
and crucify to-morrow.—Go hide your heads
if possible from the contempt and detesta-
tion of every virtuous, every honourable in-
habitant of every clime.

Your eighth toast, as it personally relates
to myself, gives me no uneasiness. I only
notice it as proving the accursed malignity
of your hearts towards colonel Burr.

As to myself, I have never insulted or in-
jured a single individual, who on that occa-
sion, celebrated the day. In the whole
company I had not a personal enemy, nor
was there a man among you who had reason
to be so; with many of that company, per-
haps with all, I had been personally ac-
quainted—I had been in habits of receiving
and returning polite attentions; on some
at least of the company, I had conferred
benefits; nor was there one man in the
company on whom I would not have confer-
red any benefit he needed, and in my pow-
er (with propriety) to have bestowed.
Nay, so well do I know you all, and the
good will that you possess for me, that I
have the most perfect confidence, that I
arrived at Elkton the moment after you had